

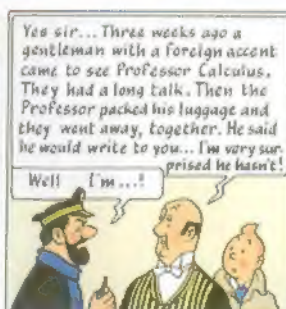
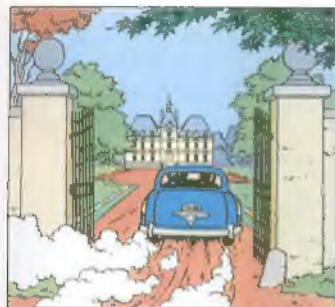
HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**DESTINATION
MOON**

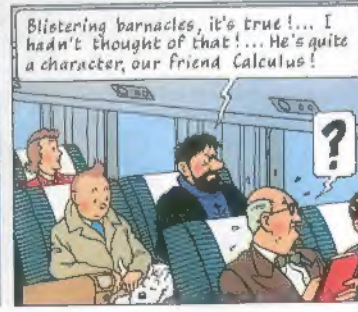
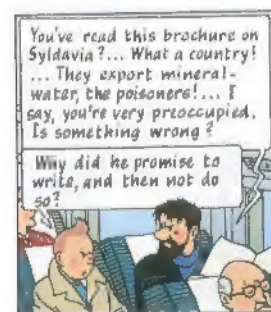
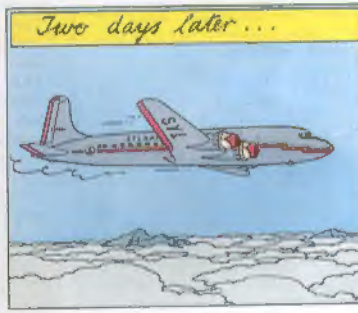
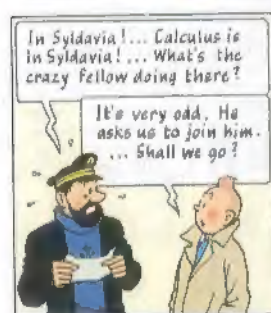


MAMMOTH



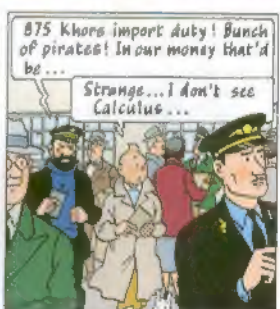
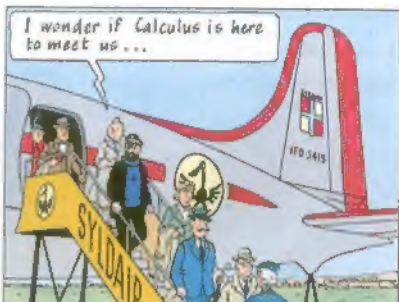
DESTINATION MOON







Two hours later...



Calculus is doing things in style, eh?... With a chauffeur and a flunkie, by thunder!

Maybe...



What lovely country... It's a pity they only drink mineral-water. Eugh! and they like it. Why do you keep turning round?

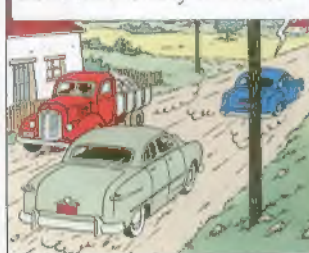


I'm watching that car... It's been following us from the airport

I expect it's going to Klow, like us.



Perhaps... Anyway we'll soon be there... We're coming to a town.



Hi! What's happening? We're not on the Klow road!



Hey, driver what's the meaning of this?... Where are you taking us?

Sprodj!



Sprodj yourself, you Bashi-bazouk! You were asked where we're going. Tell us!

Sprodj, zir. Your friend there...



МЕРХВЕН
БЕРТРАТЗ
SLOW
ROAD WORKS



?



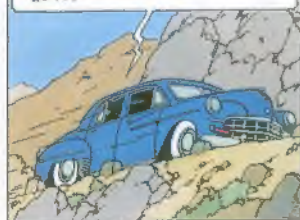
Billions of blistering barnacles! Why didn't you slow down, ectoplasm!

You speak me, zir!
... I not see...
We go...



Two hours later...

That other car is still following us...



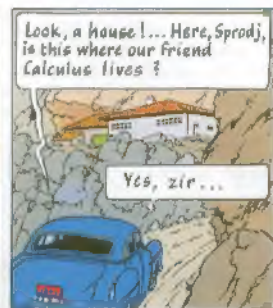
The country is getting wilder and wilder. I wonder... Why, whatever's this?

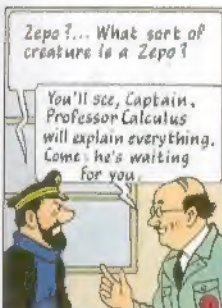
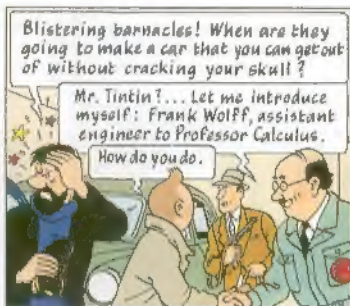
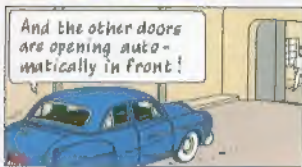


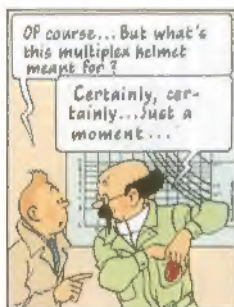
Captain, just look at that signboard.

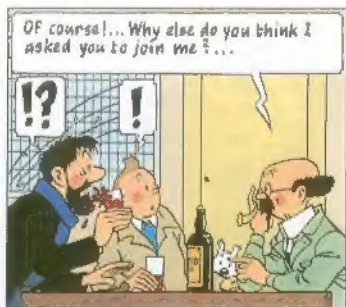
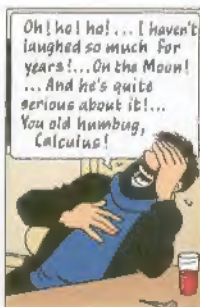
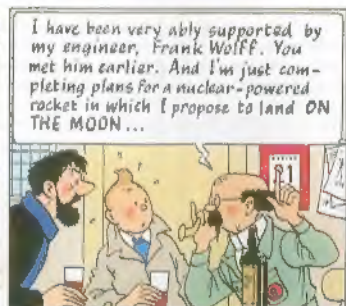
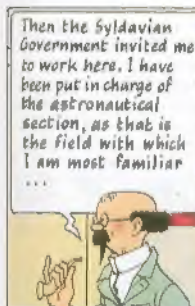
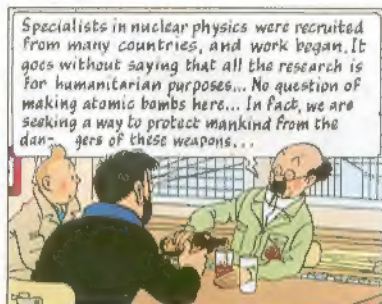
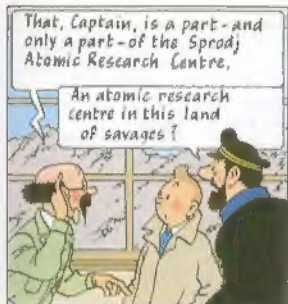
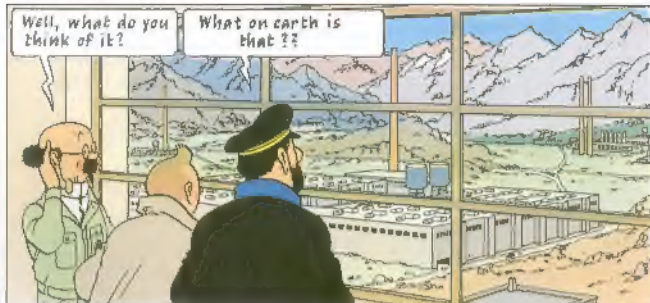


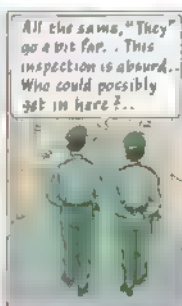
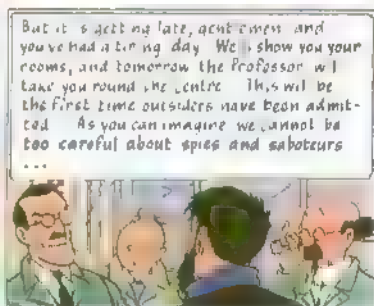
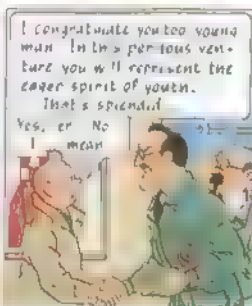
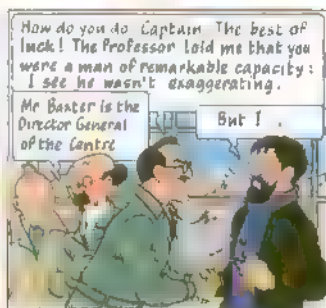
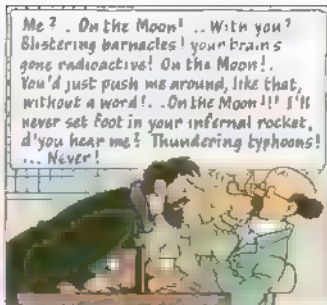








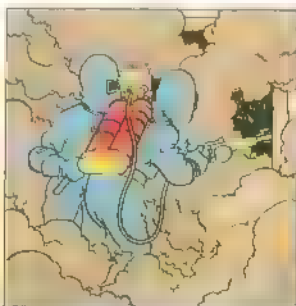
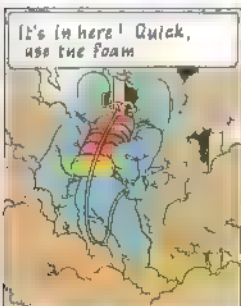
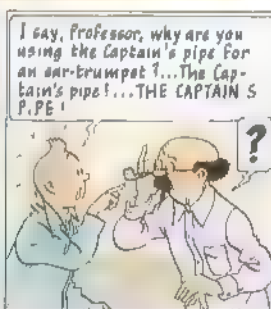
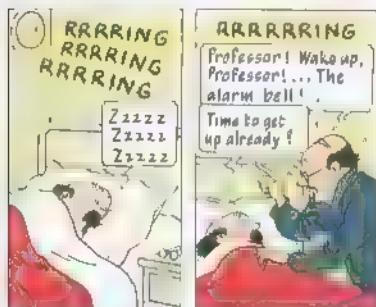
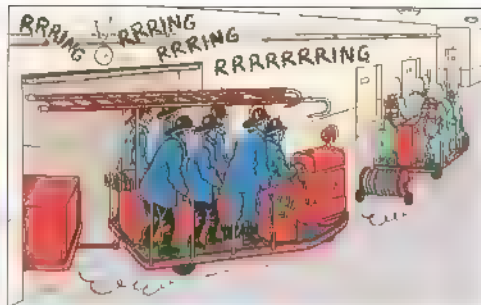




Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Patrol 14 calling Control!...
Emergency!... Dense brown smoke
filling corridors in H Sector...
Send security squads at once!

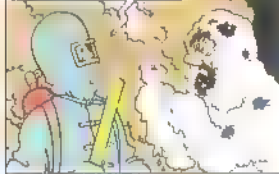


Control calling Security... Emergency!
Dense smoke reported
in corridors, H Sector...



You Polynesians, you! You've been smart, haven't you? You Ku Klux-Klan! Just when I was putting it out myself...

Putting out what?



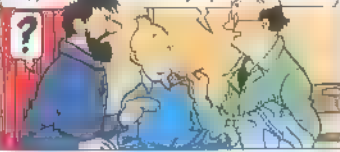
This confounded ear-trumpet! I flid it and lit it, thinking it was my pipe. It started to burn: no flame: just this blistering smoke!

Oh I see: it's made of ebonite!



The next morning...

The Professor asked me to give you this. He's rather busy himself this morning, so he suggested that I take you round the Centre. You'd better put on these overalls, then you can go round without being stopped continually by ZEP0.



The Zep0 again? Look here, just what is a Zep0?

The ZEP0? ZE-PO... Zekrutt Politz... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.



On that score the ZEP0 have plenty to do... Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be son or staff. But we need have no worries about that. Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: 'A, K R 12 to N.W.3 R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop...'



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium... Plutonium will be used to power Professor Calculus's rocket.



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium. First the 'cooking' of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute, then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the 'cooking'... You follow me?

Of course! I'm right behind you.



Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

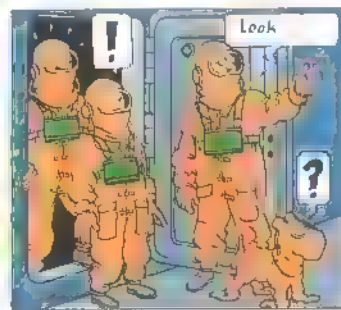


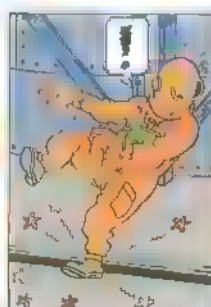
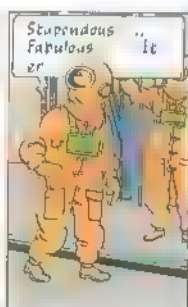
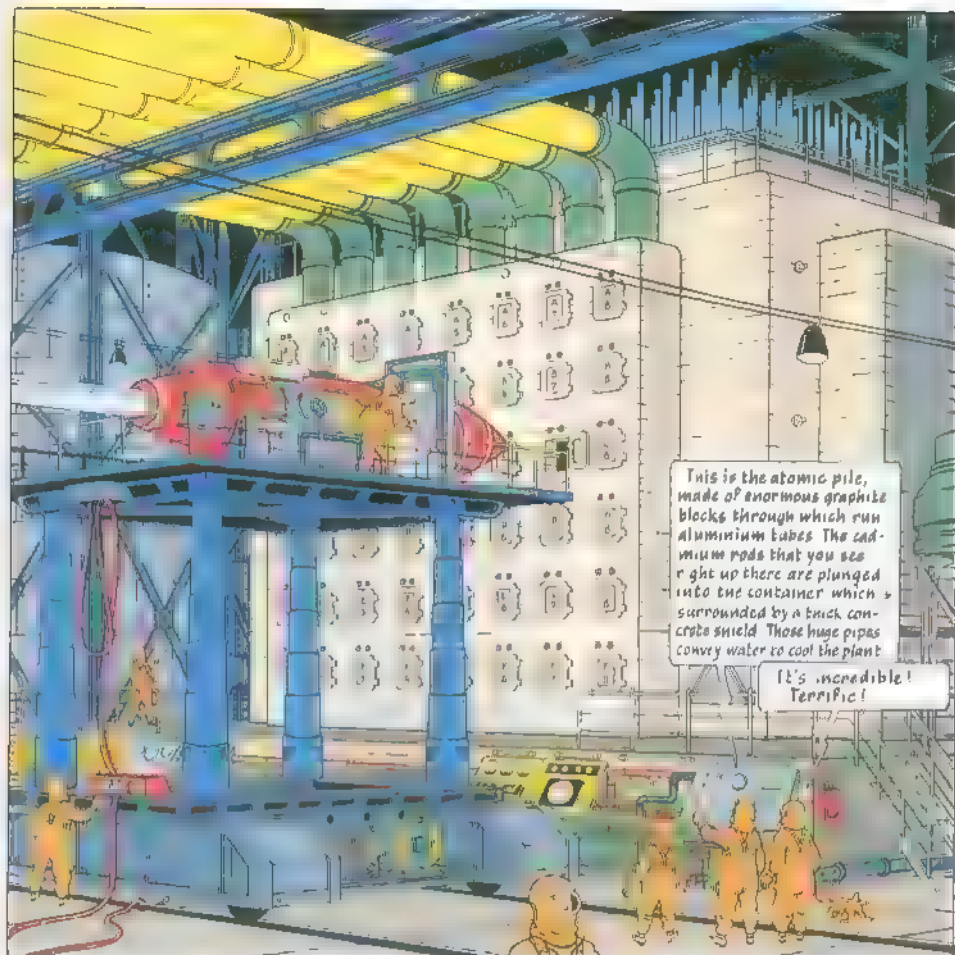
That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity. By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for him - just the right size.



There. Now we can go in.

I know it's very good of Professor Calculus, but he must have measured a St. Bernard!





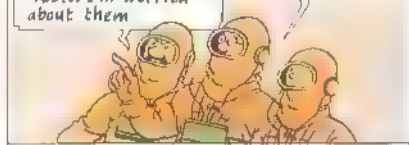


Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium... uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium... But those other neutrons? ... Where will they go?...

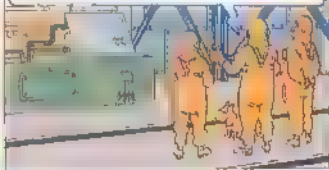
Yes... I'm worried about them.



Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again... You see?



But this process has to be controlled. Thanks to the cadmium rods which absorb a proportion of the neutrons, we can regulate the working of the pile as we wish.



Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!



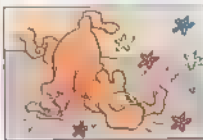
Hello!... Hello!... Professor Calculus? ... This is Frank Wolff... You... How... What? ... The plans? Gone?? Yes, we'll come at once.



You heard? ... They're the detail drawings of an experimental rocket... It's incredible! The Professor put them in his safe last night... This morning the plans are gone!... And only three people know the combination of the lock: Mr. Baxter, the Professor, and myself... Quick, we must go to him...



Just when is someone going to let me out of this fancy dress?



A few minutes later...

And this morning when I opened the safe look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans.



We'd never hear the end of it if I rummaged in a dustbin! You'd do better to let me out of this duffle coat with a windscreen!

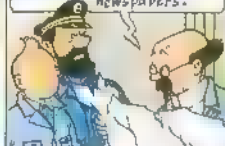


Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?

Well, I never!



Why, so they are! But now could I? I'm terribly sorry. In a moment of absent-mindedness last night I must have put the plans in the basket, and locked up these old newspapers.



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready to come, I'll show you. It's a model of the rocket which will one day take us to the Moon.



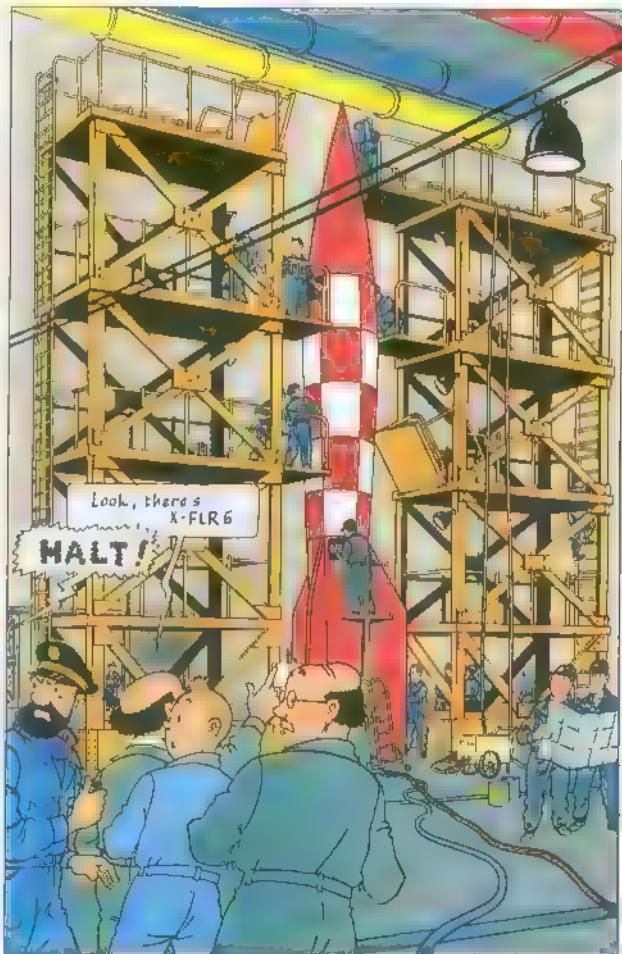
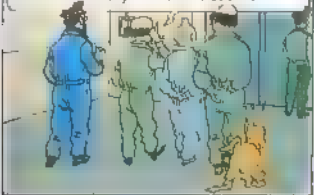
As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon.



... and take photographs of the other side - the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Need I say the rocket...



... X-FLR 6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...



What's that dog doing here in protective clothing? You know these suits are not allowed in this sector.

Heaven! I can't forget!

I go back with him. Here good dog come with me

You may say that X-FLR6 is no different from other rockets already launched. But my reply to that is our rocket's unique because it's the first

Follow the agent - MAN, SHOWY

It's about time some one took an interest in me!

to be driven by a nuclear motor. And I Professor Calculus perfected it! How does it work? Well, I think of a nuclear bomb but instead of an instantaneous explosion, the force is spread over several days.

Of course, for launching and landing we shall use another engine, a simple jet, using a mixture of nitric acid and aniline. Why? Because if we used the nuclear motor then, the radioactive blast from the exhausts ...

would be a frightful hazard at the launching and landing sites. You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nuclear fission would melt the motor itself! No! Because I have invented a new substance, calulon. It has a silicon base and can resist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions - the nuclear motor and calulon - we shall soon set foot on the Moon.

Ah the very thought of it makes me walk on air.

Look out!

LOOK OUT!

CAUTION WET PAINT

?

CAUTION WET PAINT

A week goes by then, one night

Radar to Control! Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area!

Attention please! Control calling! Emergency! Aircraft from South violating Security Area! Fighters and AA personnel to action stations

Sprody, Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me? You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down

They've spotted us! They're ordering us to turn back!

At all costs don't answer them. We aren't over the right place yet

Sprody, Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area we will open fire.

We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble... We must play for time...

...craft F R receive lost course please our pos...

A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do?

This is it! Jump!

Radar to control! Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane

Control calling! ...Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Crumbs! It wasn't a dream. That's Ack-Ack fire!

That's an unexploded shell coming down!

Zzzzzzz. Zzzzzzz.



Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!

?

Who is it? D.A. someone knock?

Next morning

Attention please. A person
new in category A please re-
port at once to Mr. Baxter for
an important announcement.

Category "A"?
That's us!

Yes
Come on!

Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during
the night. An unidentified aircraft flew over the
Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft
fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of
one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found
this morning. He was carrying notions, arms, and a radio
set but of course no identification papers.

Yes, I know the other two para-
chutists have evaded capture.
Needless to say everything is
being done to find them. They
will undoubtedly be caught
forthwith. Meanwhile
gentlemen I ask for your
co-operation...

Operation?...
Who's he talking
about, having an
operation?
Is somebody ill?

and would like to
impress on you my senior
executives the need for
constant vigilance. This
daring raid proves that even
the strictest precautions
cannot stop desperate men.

Thank you, gentle-
men, that will be all.
May I just have a
word with the
X-FLR 6 team...

Perhaps your ear-trumpet is blocked?

Not in the least. It's
just blocked that's
all.

You see? It's
plaster from
that explosion
last night... No,
it won't come
out like this.

Let's see, perhaps if I
shake it...
Well, Professor, what
are you up to now?

OH! Battering barnacles! I thought
that sort of thing only happened
to me!

I'm terribly sorry.
Don't mention it.

Excuse me the
telephone.
RRRRING

Hello... Yes... What?
Captured the parachut-
ists?... Both of them?
Splendid!... Greeks
you say?... That's odd.
Bring them here im-
mediately. I'll question
them myself.

A few minutes
later

..You've got the
strong end of the
wick, no I mean
...

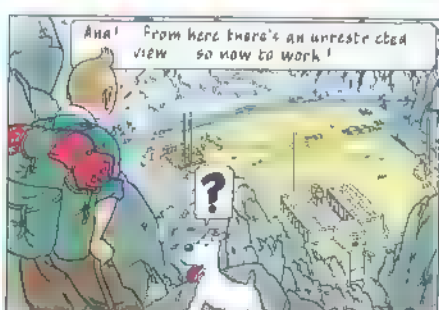
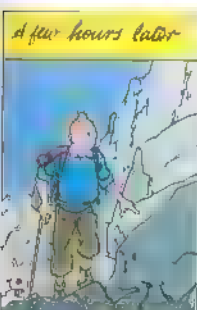
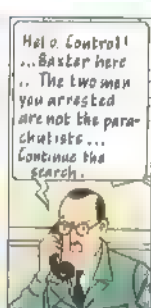
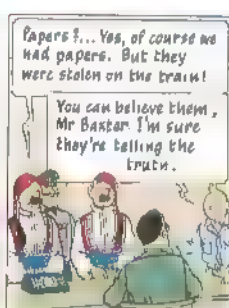
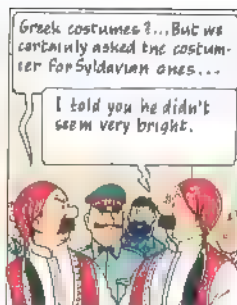
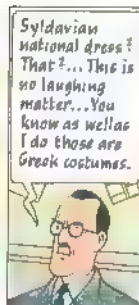
Silence!

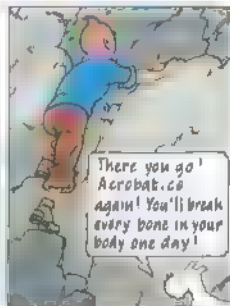
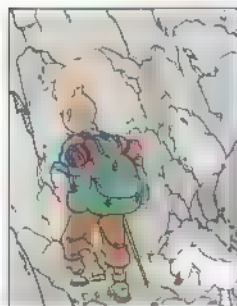
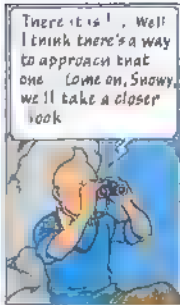
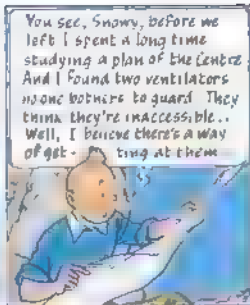
RAT
TAT
TAT

To be precise, the stick!

These are the two birds

This is it! Sensational
appearance of the
Thomson twins!



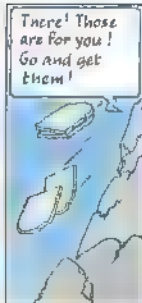




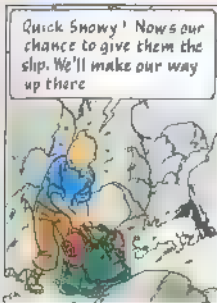
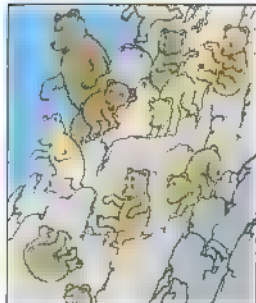
Steady! Steady! You punch of gluttons!



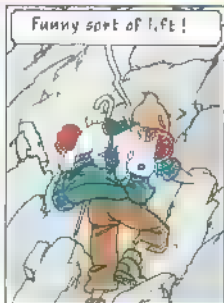
Crumbs! Here come the parents! That crowns it!



There! Those are for you! Go and get them!



Quick Snowy! Now's our chance to give them the slip. We'll make our way up there



Funny sort of lift!



Here we are The first thing is to warn the Captain

The first thing is to let me down!



hello, hello! Hello, Captain? Yes, it's me! I think I've got it. Yes. J Sector Corridor 7.. Ventilator 3 Yes I can count on you?



Trust me! You said J Sector, Corridor 7, Ventilator 3. Right! No, no, not a word to a soul!



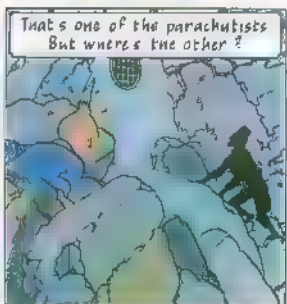
Well all we can do is await events. Here, Snowy We must wrap up well, it's a chilly night



Some hours later



What's that? I heard a noise!



That's one of the parachutists But where's the other?



He's approaching the grating... Someone's handing him papers... Now's my moment to join in!

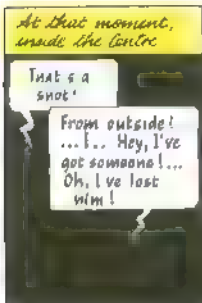


Hands up!



Well done, J m!

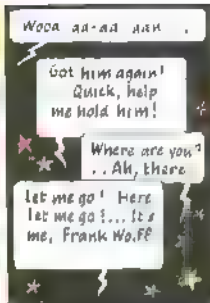
BANG



At that moment, inside the Centre

That's a shot!

From outside! ... Hey, I've got someone! ... Oh, I've lost him!



Wooa aa-aa aa

Got him again! Quick, help me hold him!

Where are you? ... Ah, there

Let me go! Here let me go! ... It's me, Frank Wolff



Ah, the lights have gone on again ... Why is Mr Wolff?

That's what I tried to tell you! ... Mean-while he's got away...



?

OH!

Great Scotland Yard! Who's that?



The Captain! He's been knocked out!



Now then, what's the meaning of all this hubbalooboo?

Mr Baxter!



That's Snowy howling, Mr Baxter. Something must have happened to Tintin. Hurry! He's out there, near the ventilator grid.



He is, Control? Baxter here. Send a search party at once to look for Tintin. Outside... Sector... Corridor 7... Ventilator 3... Hurry! ... Keep me informed at Post 18.



Now Captain, tell me what happened to you

It's like this. Tintin went off this morning, saying he was going to try to catch the parachutists. About five o'clock he called me by radio. He was convinced he'd found the place where the intruders



would try to contact their accomplices. According to him it was the ventilator grid in the corridor. Events proved him right! In the evening I lay in wait here... It was we went into the night when the lights suddenly went out, leaving the corridor in total darkness. I heard a rustling beside me, and that moment I thought my head had burst!

And you, Wolff?



Well, I happened to see the Captain as he left his quarters... There was something... er... odd about him and it intrigued me... I followed him. When he had, I did the same... Time passed... Then, as he said, the current went off. I heard a dull thud, and the sound of a body falling... I leapt forward... There was a shot outside... then shouts... Someone jostled me in the dark... And then I found myself in the hands of these men.

Very odd



And what are you doing here at this hour gentle men?

In all sincerity Director-General, I am solemnly and truthfully say



SHOPP SHOPP

Forgive us... It's some extraordinary pills we once took... In Arabia?... Their effect recurs some times

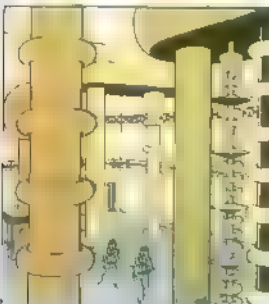
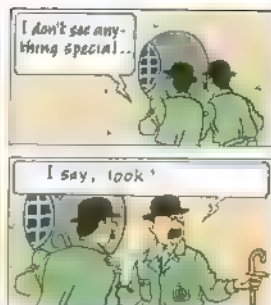


RRRRING

Oh The telephone..



Hello! Yes. You've found him? He's hurt? What did he say? Oh, he's unconscious... In the sick-bay? .. You're waiting for the doctor? Al right I'm coming at once





What's the matter? ...You're white as a sheet! ... Here, tell me. And stop your teeth chattering! ... Now, what is it?



A see... a see... a skeleton! ... I saw a skeleton! ... There, behind that screen!

A skeleton? My poor friend, you're talking through your hat!



I... I assure you...

Now then, don't be silly. You come with me!



There... you see? Where's your skeleton now, eh?

But I'm quite sure...

You are?... Oh well, if you see it again, give it my love!



A skeleton! ... Ha ha, ha! Poor old Thomson, he's off his rocker! ...



On my stick!



EEEEEEEEEEK!



The see... the see... the skeleton! ... You were right! ... I saw it too... There... behind that screen again!

You too! ... Now you see I wasn't dreaming



Now keep calm! ... No one leave the room! ... And don't picnic. I mean panic. We'll proceed with caution, and look around...

That's... that's it. We'll look around



Nothing. That's queer

Where the devil can it have gone?





Meanwhile

No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull.. Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.



Then I leapt forward and shouted "Hands up!" He obeyed. At that moment I heard an explosion, and instantly I felt a terrific crack on my head. It was the other parachutist, whom I hadn't seen. To save his accomplice he fired at me.



The gangsters! The pirates! .. If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like.



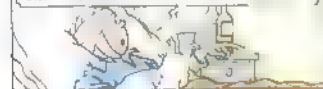
I... Forgive me, Mr Baxter.. I'm terribly sorry... Wait... I'll get you another chair.



No need, thank you. Where were we?... On yes... The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our activities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket.. With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.



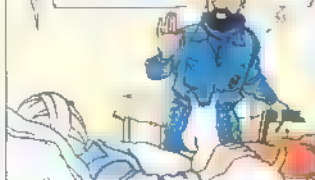
Are you coming, Captain?

If I may, I'll stay with Tim.



Look Captain, it's late and..

None of that!... I'm staying here!.. A full pipe and a comfortable chair, that's all I ask...



Some weeks later the day for the launching of the trial rocket has arrived.

Well, Professor?

Everything is ready, Mr Baxter. The last guide rails are in place... The gantries have been removed. The technicians are now

completing the fueling-up

Hello, Mr Baxter. Look who's here.

See! They've almost finished

Tintin! You? ... I thought you were still confined to your room.

I am, in theory! But I wouldn't miss the launching of the trial rocket for anything

Look, Mr Baxter. Tintin's better!

Finished

Finished! Everything's ready I'll clear the bay

Good idea. But don't forget to clear the bay!

Oh! I'm sorry!

All very well to apologise! Why doesn't he look where he's going!

At any rate, I'll be safe up here!

An, peace at last!

WOOF!

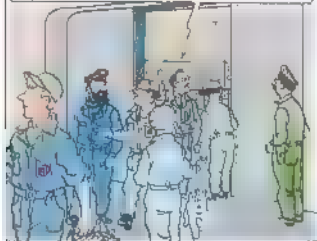
Attention please! Clear the launching bay. Attention please! Clear the bay.

I repeat

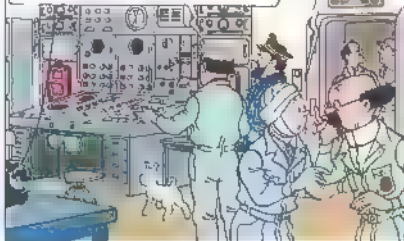
All right! I heard!

Clear the launching bay!

All out?.. Splendid!.. We can go to the Control Room.



This is it. From here we shall control the rocket during its flight.



I say, Professor

... Did you remember the gadget I mentioned to you when you came to see me in the sick-bay?

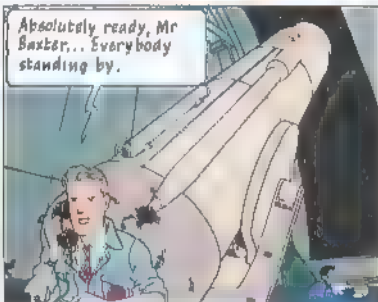
The gadget?.. Oh, yes, it's done. I fixed it this evening...



Hello? Observatory? .. Is that you, Michael? .. Baxter here. I'm in the Control Room. All ready?



Absolutely ready, Mr Baxter... Everybody standing by.



Yes, Radar here... Yes, Mr Baxter, we're all ready.



Well, now we can only wait for zero hour. Another twenty minutes.



Why, what's this little device, Professor? It wasn't here last night!

I... yes. I put it there.. It's an idea of Turing's

Oh just a small detail



Meanwhile...

At the same time it was fishy about that skeleton.



Look what I can see!

Well? It's a high-tension switch-room



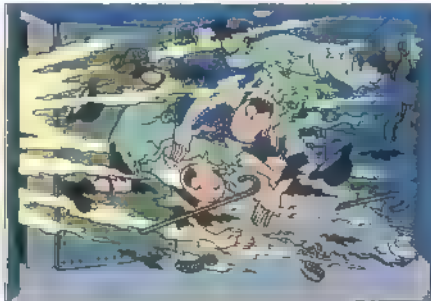
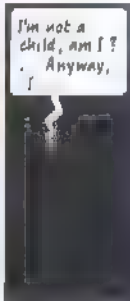
It may look like a power switch-room. But supposing it isn't, eh? We'll investigate. Here's my master key

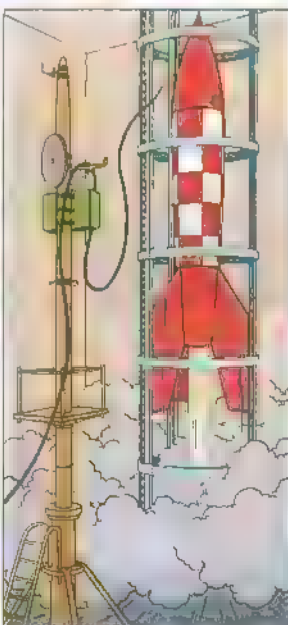
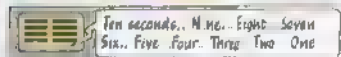
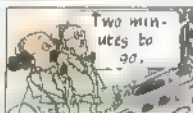
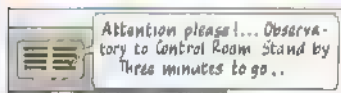
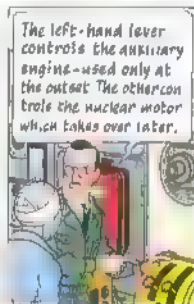
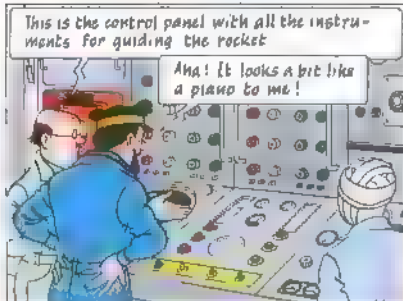


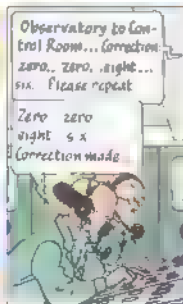
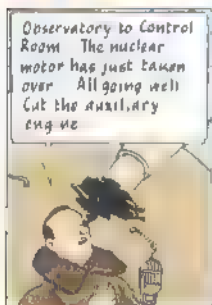
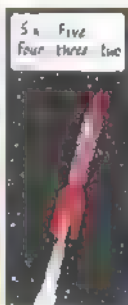
At the same time. Be careful!

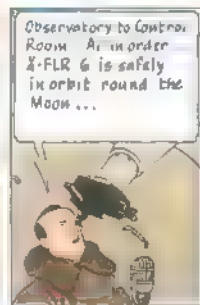
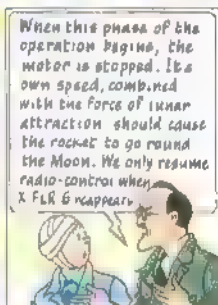
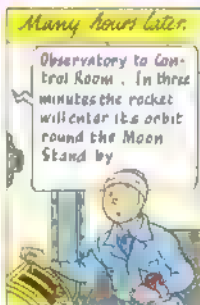
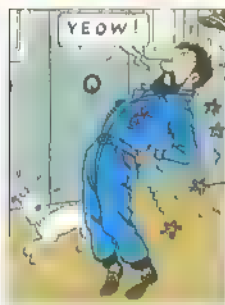


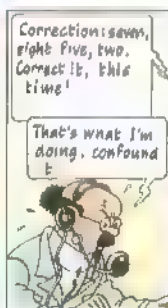
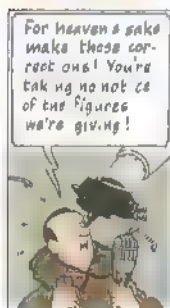
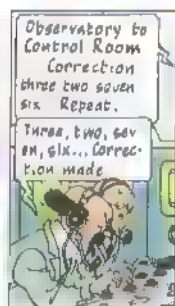
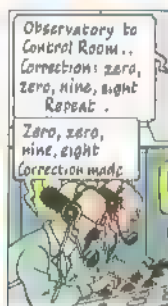
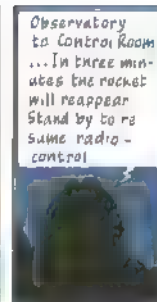
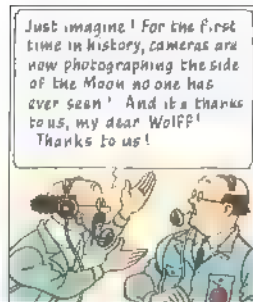
I'm not a child, am I? Anyway,

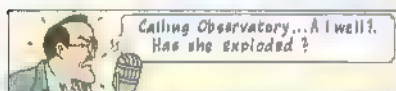
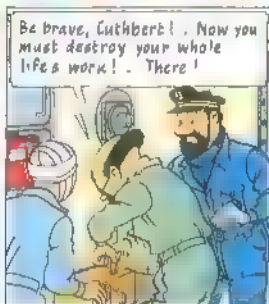






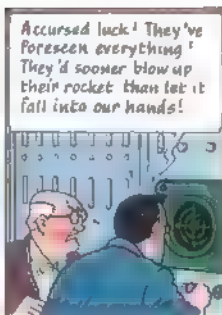




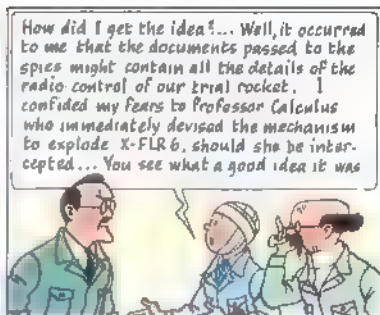




Observatory to Control Room
X-FLR6 has exploded. There's
nothing more to see



Accursed luck! They've
foreseen everything!
They'd sooner blow up
their rocket than let it
fall into our hands!



How did I get the idea?... Well, it occurred
to me that the documents passed to the
spies might contain all the details of the
radio control of our trial rocket. I
confided my fears to Professor Calculus
who immediately devised the mechanism
to explode X-FLR6, should she be inter-
cepted... You see what a good idea it was



Too true!... All too true!...
All our hopes brought to nothing
Months, years of research and
struggle! All annihilated in a flash!

Look out for my beard!
Your grief's a bit
wild.



No, Professor Calculus,
all is not lost! On the con-
trary, this is a triumph
for you... Didn't your nuclear
motor work perfectly? I
didn't the rocket go to
the Moon, and circle
it?



Tintin is right! The
trial was conclusive.
Don't be so downhearted.
Tomorrow we start
work on another
rocket. But not an
experimental one -
this will be the
real Rocket, to carry
you to the Moon!



To the Moon!
Hooray!



A fortnight later

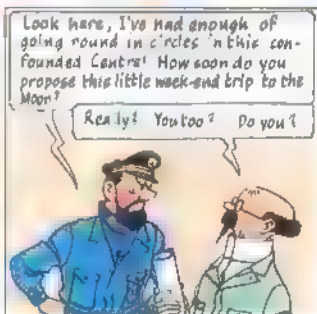
I'm fed up with hanging
about here, doing nothing.



I ought to have stayed
peacefully at Marlin-
spike, instead of fool-
ing about in this
dump, just to gratify
the whims of a mad
professor!



There he goes now!
I'll tell him a
thing or two!
Hi, Professor!

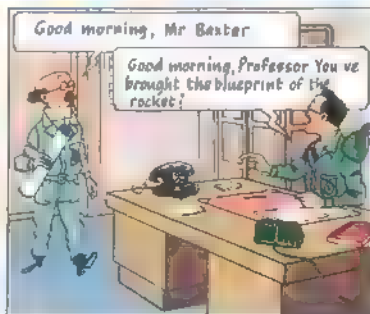


Look here, I've had enough of
going round in circles in this con-
founded Centre! How soon do you
propose this little week-end trip to the
Moon?

Really? You too? Do you?

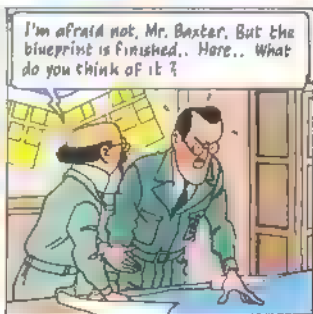


That's very odd. I have the
same thing myself. But mine's
in the right shoulder... A touch of
rheumatism, I expect. It has
been damp these last few days.
But it will go. Excuse me: Mr
Baxter is waiting



Good morning, Mr Baxter

Good morning, Professor. You've
brought the blueprint of the
rocket!



I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the
blueprint is finished.. Here.. What
do you think of it?

Splendid, Professor! My heartiest congratulations! To me this looks admirable, from every point of view. When do you plan to start construction?

To-morrow, if you agree



Right!.. I'll go and give the necessary instructions. The services of every skilled man will be at your disposal at once. Work will go on day and night.

That's wonderful.
Thank you!



Here he comes again!

Goodbye, Mr. Baxter



Look here, you didn't answer my question just now. How soon is your little trip to the Moon?

Well, if I were you I'd try camphorated oil.



Blistering barnacles, it's nothing to do with camphorated oil! It's the Moon

Rubbed in night and morning



You nitwit you! I'm talking about your trip to the Moon!



Maybe... But believe me, there's nothing like camphorated oil... Excuse me now. I'm up to my eyes in work.



Some months later

Hello.. Yes Mr. Baxter, we're going ahead with the space suit trials. Captain Haddock is our guinea-pig. Yes, I'll keep you informed.



I say! Your fancy-dress weighs a ton! You can't move a muscle with it on



Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.

Glad to hear it!



First of all we'll reduce the pressure. Yesterday we completed air-tightness tests with the suits. They were excellent... If anything is wrong, shout "Stop" and we'll restore normal pressure at once

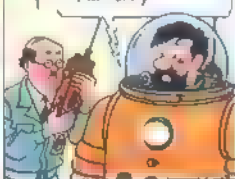


Here's your helmet



Testing the radio. Hello. Can you hear me, Captain?

Yes, I can hear you. You can start now. I'm ready



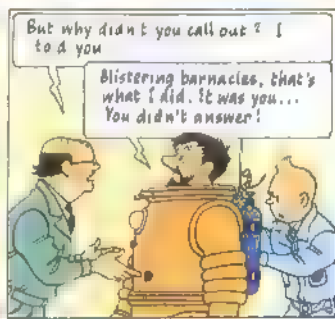
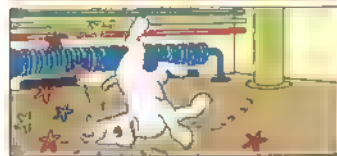
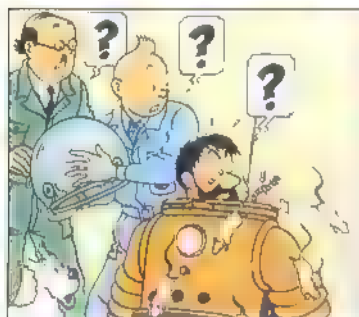
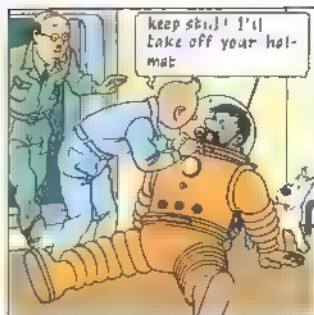
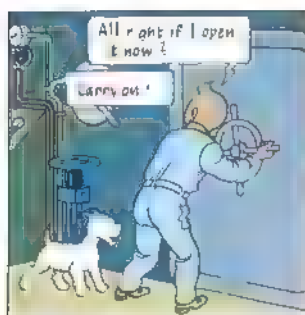
Good!.. Goodbye for now. Good luck!

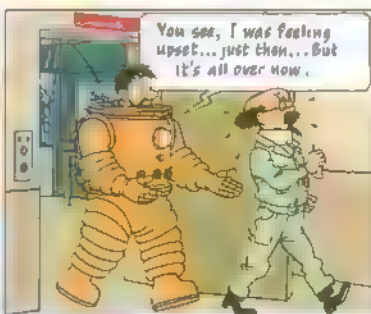
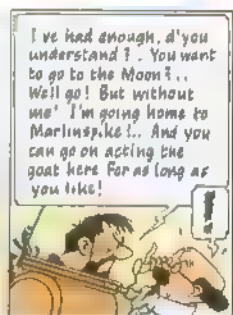
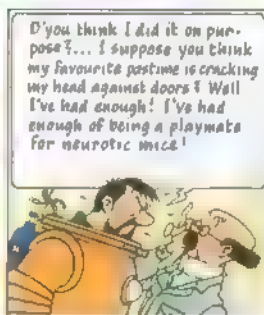
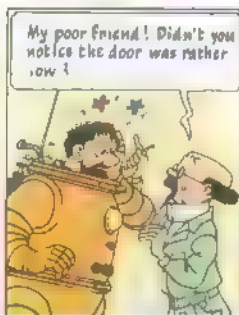
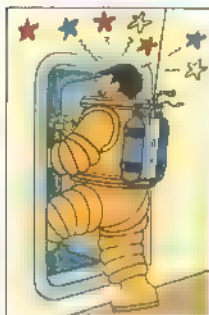
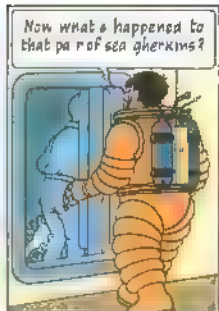
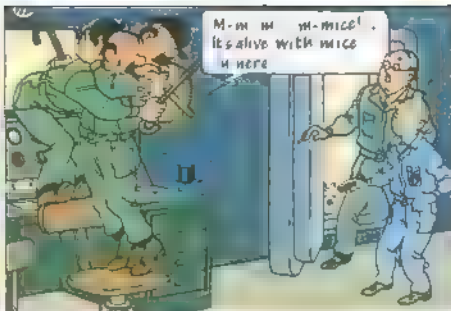
Thanks



Between ourselves, I'm not all that happy!

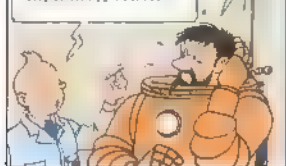




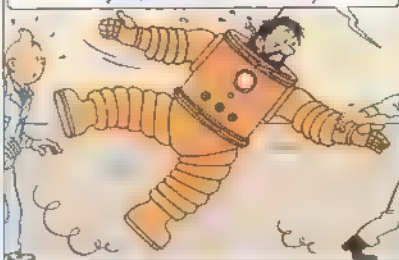


Billions of blue blistering bar
nacles! If ever I find the p-rate
who did that I'll make him
dance, I promise you!

It was your aerial,
Captain... You...



So you're trying to give me the slip? Well,
you aren't going to! Come on! Hurry!



So I act the goat!



Slaving for two months non-stop,
working myself to the bone, all to
hear myself called a goat! It's
too much!



Excuse me Professor, but your companion
is not wearing regulation clothing. I'm
afraid I must ask him to go back.

That's true. He's
right. I ought to.

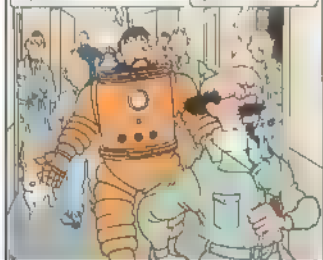


Be gone you worm! Out of my sight!
I'm acting the goat, do you hear?

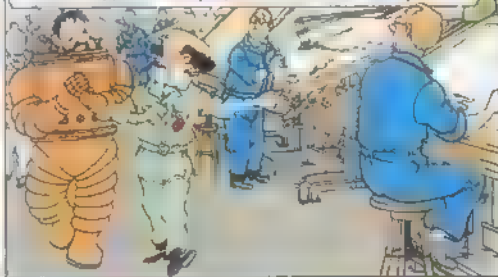


Professor, I implore
you.

I'm acting the
goat, eh?



And I suppose these people are acting the goat, eh?



Yes, this is the
Chief of Internal
Security. What?... Professor
Calculus? Making
a scene? Says
he's acting the
goat? I'll teach
him to act the goat!



And the atomic pile,
never stopping?...
The uranium being
made? The labora-
tories working day and
night?... That's all
acting the goat too,
I suppose?



Well, Professor, what's all
this about? I hear some-
one's acting the goat.

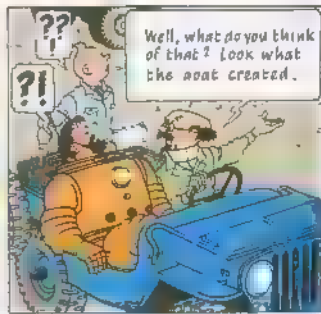
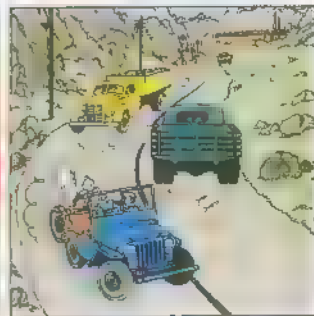
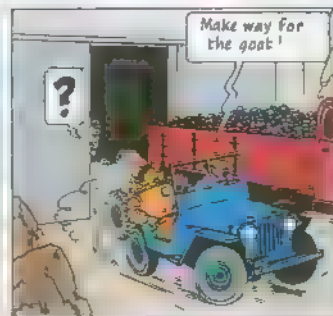
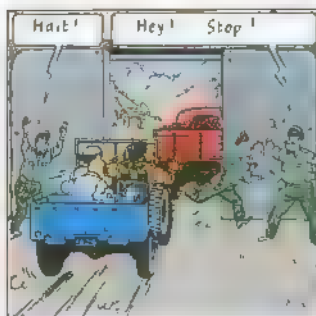


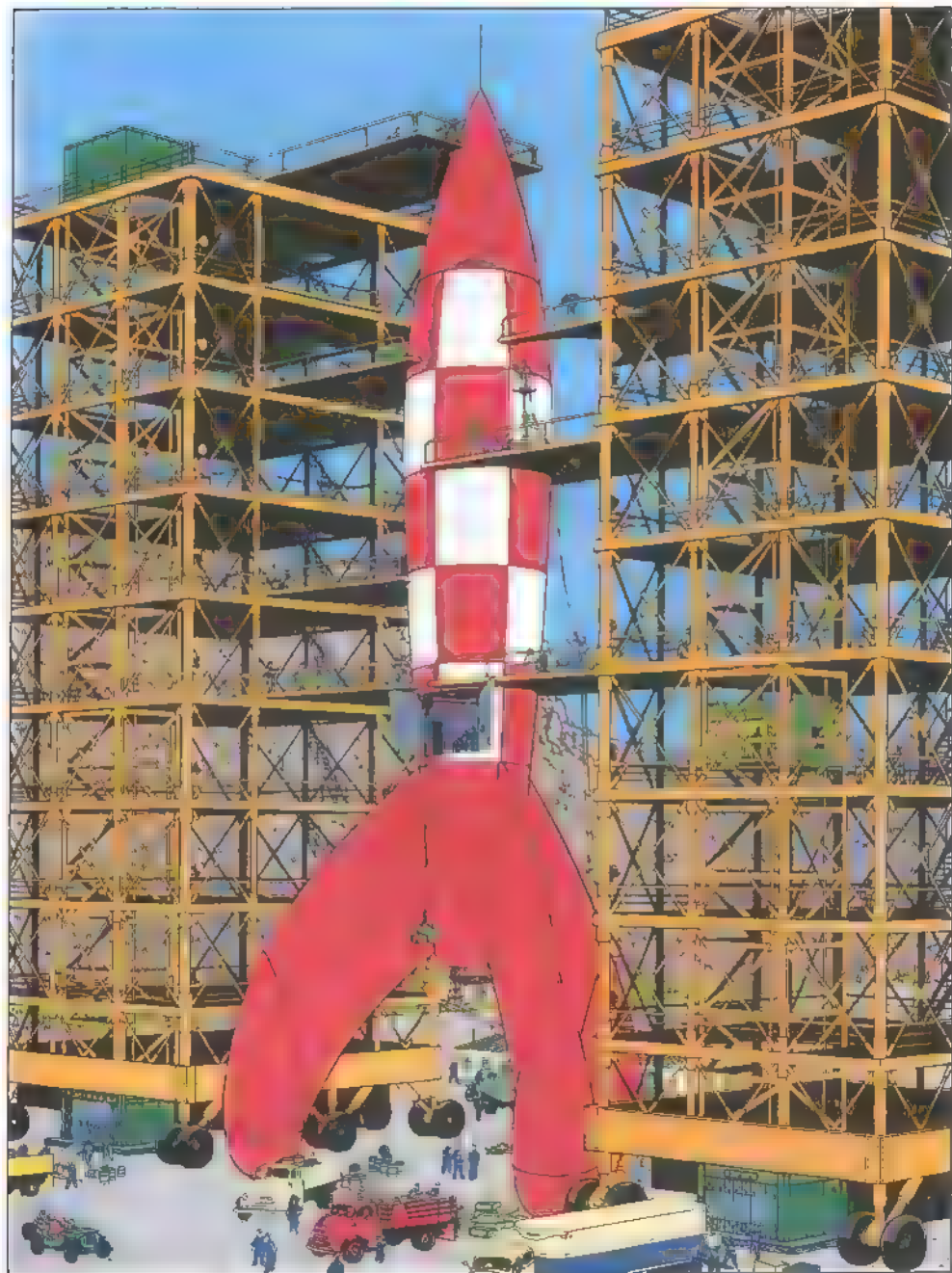
?!
CRR
CRR
KRRR



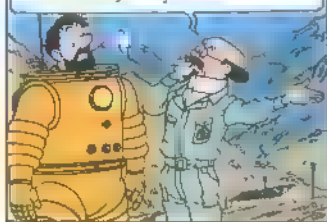
For heaven's sake Cutbert,
calm yourself!







Well, what about it? Look what I created - I, Luthbert Calculus! And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?



You think this... this crackpot contraption will take you to the Moon?



This crackpot contraption, as you call it is taking you to the Moon, as well... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it... And put your aerial down!



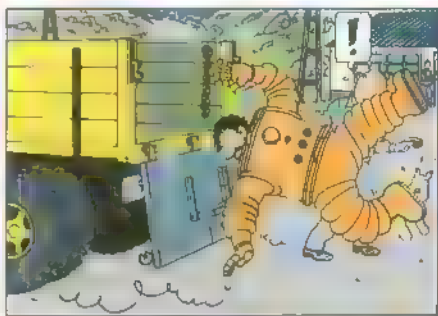
LIFT!



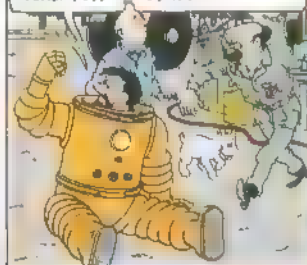
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose... How do you suppose that monstrosity could go up in the air? ... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!



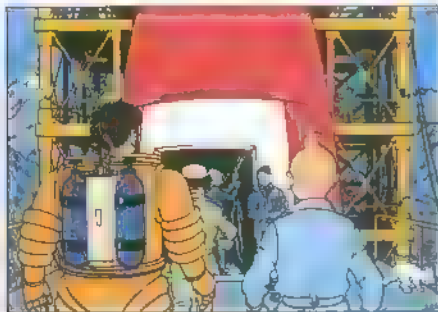
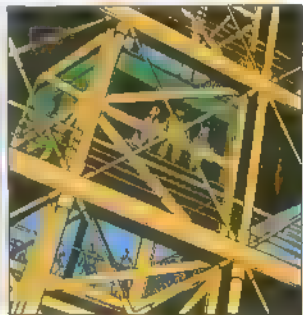
Not a hope, you know! It wouldn't even stand up by itself!



You read-heg! ... Bull! Steam-roller! ... Cyclotron!



Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Making a scene in front of everybody? Stand up! ... The lift is waiting!



In you go! Hurry up!

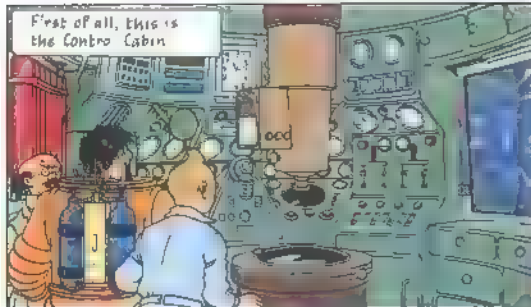
You... you're sure I won't take off without warning?



Meanwhile...

Hallo... Hallo... yes. I've just had a message from our new agent. The launching takes place in a month June the 3rd, at 3.4 a.m. Yes, that's it. Send Cal- onal Jorgen to me



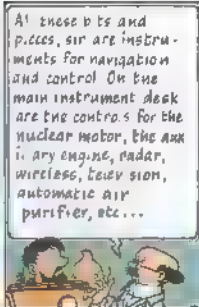


First of all, this is the Control Cabin.

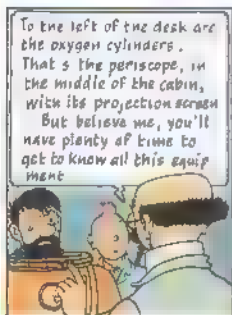


Fantastic! For what are all these bits and pieces for?

Well, what do you think of it? You can't call this acting the goat, eh?



All those bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...



To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders. That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen. But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.



And there's the laboratory still in the process of construction.

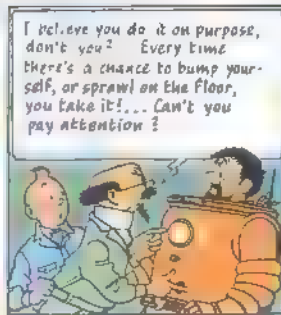


Amazing! Astonishing!

Will he? Won't he?



Take care! Look out, behind you!



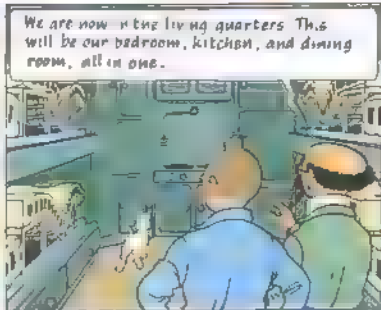
I believe you do it on purpose, don't you? Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?



Anyway you go through this hatch to the deck below. Follow me. I'll lead the way.



And mind out! There's another hatchway to the left of the ladder.

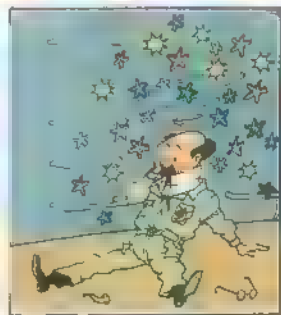
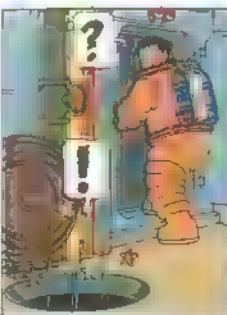
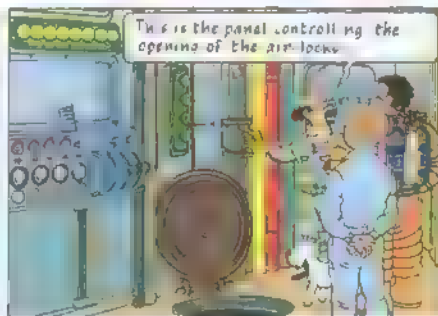
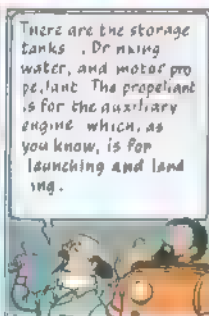
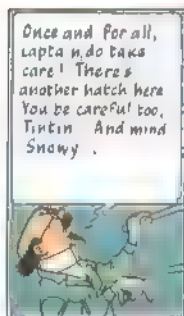
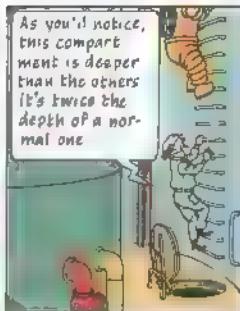


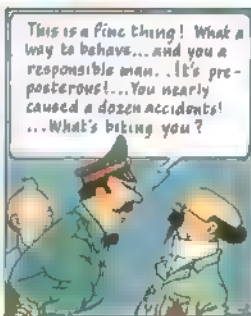
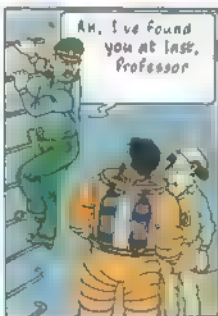
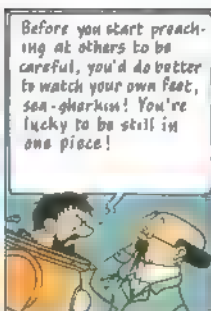
We are now in the living quarters. This will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.

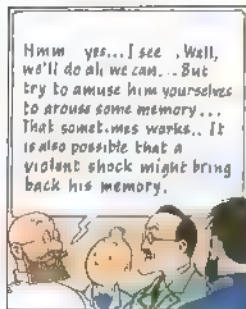


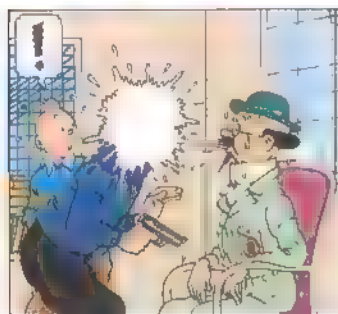
And there are the bunks we lie on when...

Busting barnacles!







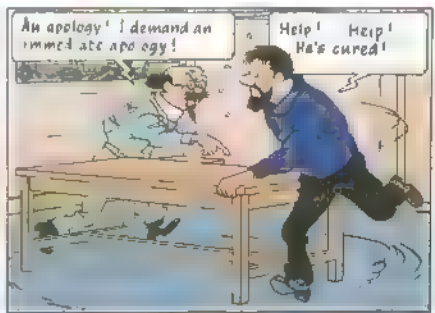


The same evening...

So he needs a shock, eh?... Well this time he'll get one, blistering barnacles!

Whoooo!... Whoooo!... Beware, Cuthbert, I am a gho-o-ost!

Ho-ho-ho! Shake in your sho-o-oes! I have come for your soul!



A few minutes later ..

Oh, Captain, Captain, what a debt we all owe you! Thanks to you Calculus has recovered!... This is splendid news!

Er... I didn't do much

Not much?... My dear Captain, without your help, the journey to the Moon would have been impossible... Don't you realise?

Thundering typhoons! I'd forgotten that!

And here is the Professor to thank you himself.

Oh, Captain! Give me your hand!



They've told me everything: about my loss of memory, and your devoted care... I thank you, Captain, from the bottom of my heart!

I'm I'm very touched

I thank you too in the name of Science! You have made possible the journey to the Moon... I shall never forget that!

And neither shall I!

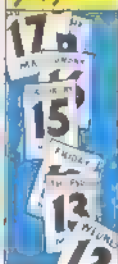
The same evening

Here's a signal from K 23, sir!

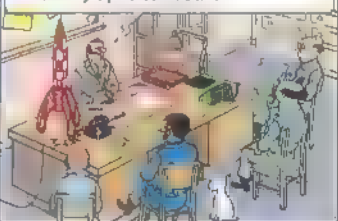
Oh, news from the Main Workshop! Let's hope it is not tardier than last time

"M 23 30! Mammoth has recovered memory, thanks to Whale." Good old Whale! Without knowing it, he's done us a really good turn Reply "M.23.30! received. Operation Ulysses will proceed according to plan"

The days go by



... And in one week's time, gentlemen, on the night of the 2nd and 3rd at 1.34 a.m., the launching will take place... Is everything up to schedule?



You, We FF, are in charge of provisioning and equipment. How are you getting along?

The loading is going ahead. Food supplies, and all the components for our reconnaissance tank are already stowed aboard. I'm just waiting for some optical instruments we need to establish an observatory on the Moon.

Unfortunately the factory at Oberkochen tells me there's been a delay in production. But they've definitely promised delivery of the consignment on the eve of our departure.. In that case I...

Excuse me one moment

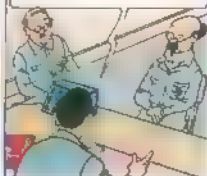
Hello. Yes. What? Is it the Sector Area? Three? You're questioning them? All right. Keep me informed.



You heard that, gentlemen? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Zstophnol, and had lost their way. Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story



You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences



But where were we?... Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments. What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment



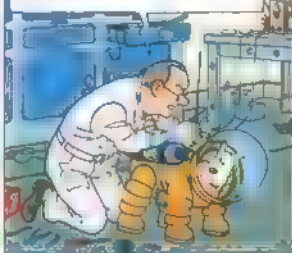
And you, Professor?



Everything is ready Mr Baxter, except for Snowy's space suit. That is just being finished now.



There we are. Nothing more except to test the radio..



Who's in space bone for Snowy?



Golly what a bone!



Woopah! - Woopah!

Fine! Its morning perfectly!



Now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you, and congratulate you. For you have managed to surmount all the obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of making rockets of this type.



Are you coming, Captain?... We'll go and find Snowy in the laboratory...

Coming... Coming



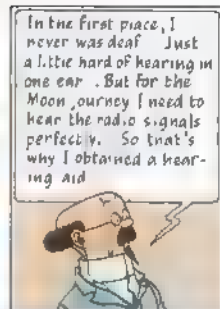
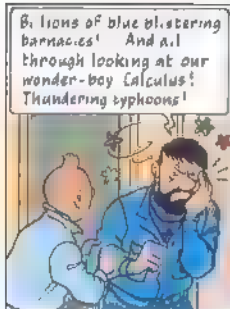
I say. Look at Calculus... Doesn't anything strike you?

No. Not at first glance



It does me!... But then I don't walk about with my eyes shut







Now then Wolff... What's your news?

Why, I'd forgotten all about it, Mr Baxter..



A telegram from the works at Oberkochen... the optical instruments will arrive on Monday morning.

Splendid!... Certainly this is excellent news



Are you going back to the site?

Yes, I'm going to supervise the loading of equipment.



Would you mind waiting a few minutes for me? There's one small package to go in my locker on board

Of course



A few moments later...

Here I am... I haven't kept you waiting?



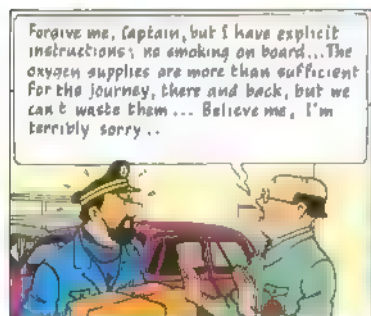
Not at all. But tell me... what's in that crate behind you?

Just two or three bottles of whisky. You know it may be freezing cold up there, so I'm just taking precautions



I'm awfully sorry, Captain, but no alcoholic liquor is allowed on board... We've a little rum, for emergencies, but that's all... And what's in this parcel?

Er... A little tobacco for my pipe



Forgive me, Captain, but I have explicit instructions: no smoking on board... The oxygen supplies are more than sufficient for the journey, there and back, but we can't waste them... Believe me, I'm terribly sorry...



So, it's like that, is it? You don't think I'll go up in your flying organ under such conditions, do you? Never, you hear me, never! This is the end: I've had enough. You go to the Moon! Go to Mars, or Jupiter, or dance with the Great Bear, if you want!



As for me... my decision is final. I'm not going!



Hello, Captain. You look cross. Is anything wrong?



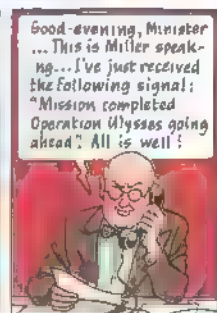
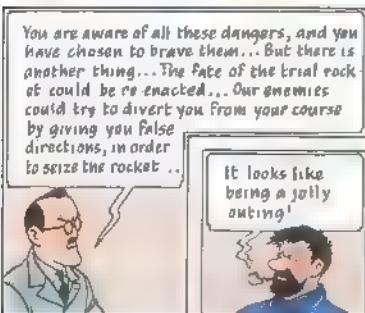
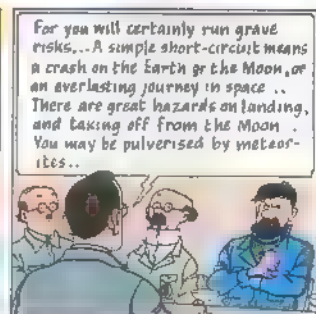
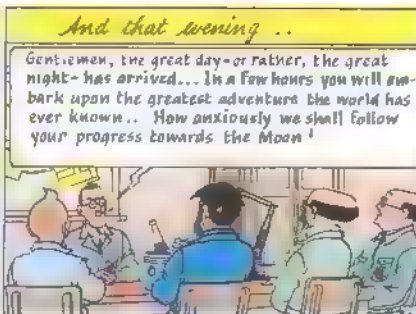
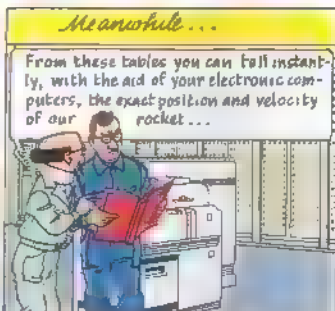
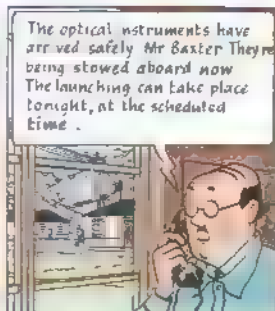
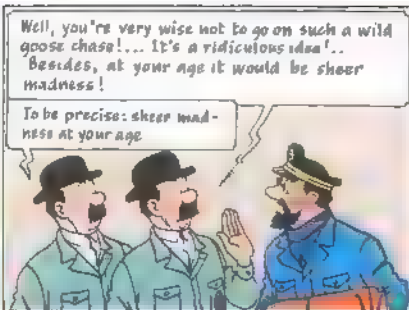
Anything wrong, entering barracks? Only that I'm not allowed to take a little whisky and a few ounces of tobacco! And under such conditions I refuse to go! That's what's wrong!



No "ifs" or "buts" or "maybes"... Once for all, I'm not going!... And don't let me have to tell you again!



How right you are!





Slow yourselves up? I trust you will not be driven to that extremity! If anything has to go with a bang, let's make it the cork from this bottle! Will you, Captain?



With pleasure, Mr Baxter I'm an old hand.



Thundering typhoons! Why does this cork have to be so stubborn?



Would you like me to try, Captain?



Are you proposing to teach me how to open a bottle of champagne?

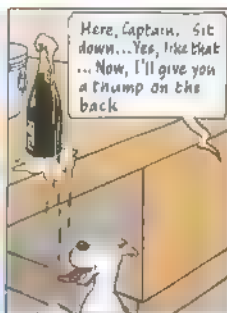
But...



POP



The cork! He's swallowed the cork!



Here, Captain. Sit down... Yes, like that... Now, I'll give you a nudge on the back



That's better, thanks! But I can't imagine how it happened. It's the first time...



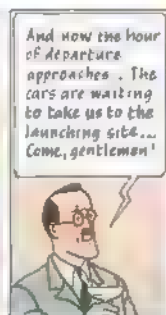
That's got a kick in it!... Champagne doesn't agree with me... It's making my head spin!



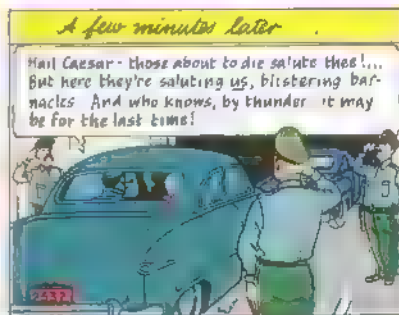
Come, gentlemen. The no dent is closed. Here, Captain.



Gentlemen, I raise my glass to the success of our enterprise And I drink the health of the first men to set foot upon the Moon



And now the hour of departure approaches. The cars are waiting to take us to the launching site... Come, gentlemen!



A few minutes later

Hail Caesar - those about to die salute thee!... But here they're saluting us, blistering barnacles And who knows, by thunder it may be for the last time!



I must say you don't look very happy, Captain

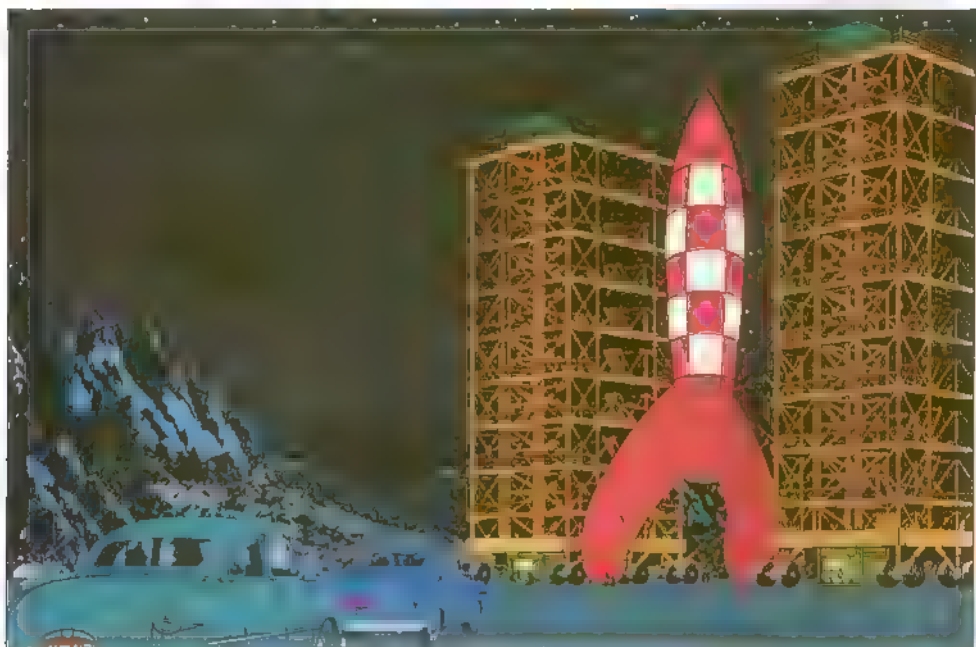
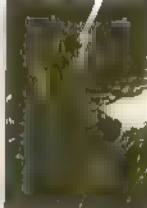
Why on earth should I look happy? Because we're off to the Moon?



To the Moon! Don't make me laugh!... If that honky-tonk Calculus-machine doesn't blow up at the start, we'll find ourselves roaming around between the Great Bear and Jupiter, and never come back! You can hoot with laughter about that if you like!

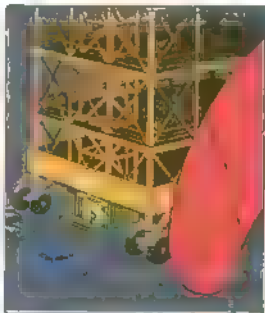


No, I meant Oh look, Captain! We're Here!



Look! The gantries are flooded! the rocket is ready for launching! It's like magic!

Yes, very pretty... for the spectators!



So there's the machine to which we're entrusting our lives!... It's sheer lunacy!... Just think, through me Calculus recovered his memory, and completed this crazy scheme! I'll never for give myself!



Meanwhile

If there's no change of plan, it's just half an hour till their departure.



Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shutters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!



It would have been all the same to me if a piccolo-player had gone!

Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you. I'm sorry not to be among you.



Look, Mr Baxter, if you really mean it I'd be happy to give up my place.



Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not ask you to make such a sacrifice!

Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.



Thank you, Mr Baxter. I shall not fail you.

As for you, my dear Professor—your skill is our best guarantee of success!



Thank you, Mr Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!

Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading.



Yes, I want to improve myself!

Would you like some help?



No, thanks. I can manage.

In you do, gentlemen!



Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, I'm in a blue funk!

Farewell, Earth!



The die is cast!... There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind you



that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible—even probable—that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but



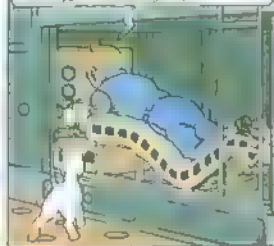
During this first phase of the ascent—I don't know how long it will last—the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourse ves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks



Moon Rocket calling Earth
Moon-Rocket calling Earth.
Are you receiving me?

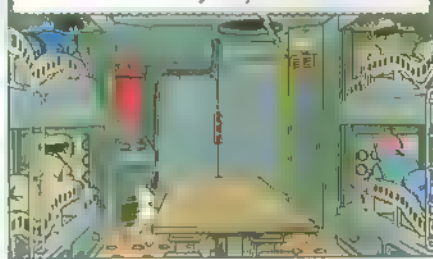


Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth



Right

Earth calling Moon-Rocket.. Receiving you loud and clear.. We are removing the gantries.



Earth to Moon-Rocket.
Gantries removed. We
are clearing the launching
site



Attention please clear the
launching site!... I repeat
clear the launching site!

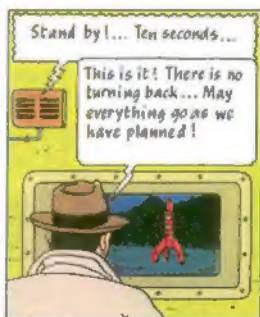
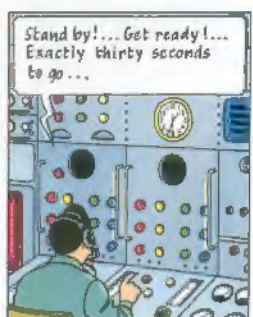
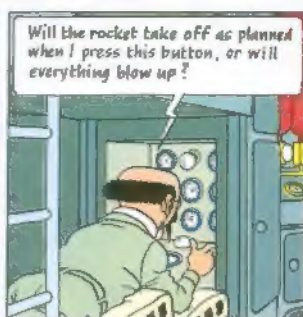
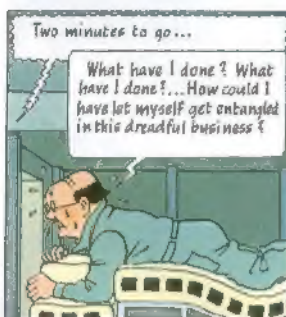


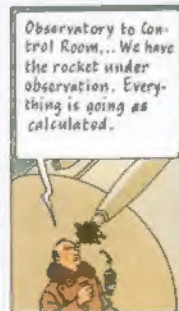
Earth to Moon-Rocket..
The site is clear.. Twenty-
eight minutes to go.. Are
you ready!



Moon-Rocket
ready For
launching!









Earth calling Moon-Rocket
... Are you receiving me?
... Are you receiving
me? ...



Observatory to Control
Room... The rocket's
altitude is now 1000
miles. Have you suc-
ceeded in establishing
radio contact yet?
Please report ...



Earth calling Moon-Rocket...
Are you receiving me?... Earth
calling Moon-Rocket...

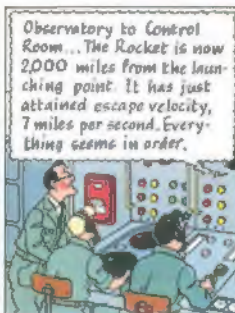
Control Room to Ob-
servatory... The Moon-
Rocket is not answering.



Earth calling Moon-
Rocket... Are you receiving
me?... Earth calling...

By Lucifer! Surely
nothing can have
gone wrong?





What dangers
await
Tintin
and his
friends
on the Moon?



What will
happen
on this
perilous
journey
into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest
of their great adventure when you read

EXPLORERS ON THE MOON